Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, doe not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now dispatch twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Here she lets fall*
Take vp the sword againe or take vp me. *the sword.*
*La.* Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
*Glo.* Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.
*La.* I haue already.
*Glo.* Tush that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
*La.* I would I knew thy heart.
*Glo.* Tis figured in my tongue.
*La.* I feare me both are false.
*Glo.* Then neuer was man true.
*La.* Well, well, put vp your sword.
*Glo.* Say then my peace is made.
*La.* That shall you know hereafter.
*Glo.* But shall I liue in hope.
*La.* All men I hope liue so.
*Glo.* Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
*La.* To take is not to giue.
*Glo.* Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth my poore heart:
Weare both of them for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore deuoted suppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gratious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happines for euer.
*La.* What is it?
*Glo.* That it would please thee leaue these sad designes,
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,





And presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after I haue solemnly interred
At Chertsie monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boone.
*La.* With all my heart, and much it ioies me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and Barkley go along with me.
*Glo.* Bid me farewell.
*La.* Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue said farewell already. *Exit.*
*Glo.* Sirs take vp the corse.
*Ser.* Towards Chertsie noble Lord.
*Glo.* No, to white Friers there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humor woed, *Exeunt. manet Gl.*
Was euer woman in this humor wonne:
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest hate:
With curses in her mouth, teares in her eies,
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by,
Hauing God, her conscience, and these bars against me:
And I nothing to backe my suite at all,
But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah
Hath she forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord whom I some three months since,
Stabd in my angry moode at Tewxbery,
A sweeter, and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe affoord:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me
That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed,



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